

This Week==Chuck Connors' Dance

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN THE WORLD.

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RICHARD K. FOX, {
Editor and Proprietor, }

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AMELIA BINGHAM AS "NANCY SYKES."

BRILLIANT ACTRESS WHO IS A HEADLINER IN PROCTOR'S FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE.



RICHARD K. FOX,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY.

Saturday, February 10, 1906

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PHILADELPHIA JACK O'BRIEN.

FIGHTING DOGS AND GAMECOCKS

Owners of pit bulls and gamecocks are requested to send to the **POLICE GAZETTE** as soon as possible good photographs and records of their best stock for publication in the only Illustrated Sporting Weekly in the world.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher.

MISCELLANEOUS SPORTS.

Napoleon LaJole is enthusiastic over the compressed-air-filled baseball he has tried.

George Bothner and **Alex Swanson** will probably be matched to wrestle again to a finish.

Frank Gotch, who recently won three matches in Montreal, Canada, will now journey West seeking trouble.

President Soden, of the Boston Nationals, is not much of a believer in a long course of training for ball players down in the sunny South.

Manager McGraw, of the New Yorks, entered a protest against the foul-strike rule. He declares that it is a big handicap to weak batters.

H. Phillips, who two years ago was the leading rider at New Orleans, but who retired from the saddle, has announced his intention of again riding.

Bonner, the jockey, who rode last season for W. W. Darden, has quit the saddle. He gives for his reason that he is afraid of horses. Last year the boy broke his collar bone.

Pittsburg will have the two tallest pitchers in the big leagues in **Viv Wilds** and **Doc Moskimon**, the new man from Oakland, Cal. Doc won 19 games and lost 12 in the Pacific Coast League last season.

Sam Doggett, the former jockey, has four two-year-olds quartered at Gravesend, and they are reported to be promising. He will train and race the horses in his own colors during the coming season.

BASEBALL TEAMS,

ATHLETIC CLUBS,

TRACK TEAMS,

Soldiers, Sailors, Athletes

Of All Kinds,

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IN THE

Police Gazette

SEND THEM IN NOW

WITH CHALLENGES.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,
New York City.

THEATRICAL FACTS--

WITH A FEW CALCIUM FLASHES IN BETWEEN

--FOOTLIGHT FANCIES

Items of Interest About the Clever Entertainers Who
Play in Halls and Continuous Houses.

LET POLICE GAZETTE READERS KNOW ABOUT YOU

All Professionals Are Invited to Send in Brief Paragraphs About Themselves
and Photos in Character For Publication on This Page.

Keene, the juggler, is closing the olio with the Sam Devere Show.

H. I. Ellis has signed with the advance staff of the John Robinson Show.

Edward De Noyes, manager of "Yuma," the European novelty which recently caused much

The Bob Montrose Trio of comedy acrobats report success with their new act.

Louis Guertin, all around jumper, reports success at the Portland Theatre, Portland, Me.

Buckstaff Brothers are building a park and lake in Lincoln, Neb., and expect to open it to the



JOSEPHINE KENNEDY.

She will Produce a New and Novel Equestrian Act with Frank A. Robbins' Circus which, it is certain, will Create a Sensation.

talk when presented at the American Theatre, has signed a contract with Thompson & Dundy for a run of forty-eight weeks.

Billy Newton, dancing comedian, of Banks and Newton, are with Harry Koster's High Flyers, meeting with success.

The Four Silbers are meeting with success over the Maurice Boom and Harry De Esta circuits, through Pennsylvania.

The Zeraldas, known as the Upside Down Equilibrista, are in the West, and they announce they are booked solid until July.

The act of the Musical Adams is making a very fine impression with the managers and public, as it is different from others. They have been working steadily, losing very little time.

Ford and Wells, The Real German Emperors, are having a new act written by a well known author, and will produce it in the Parks next Summer. They will also have new wardrobe.

Al Fostell, comedian and manager, with offices at 46 West Twenty-eighth street, New York, who is at present furnishing more entertainments than any man in the business, is one of the old-timers whose work on the stage has always been of a high class.

public June 1, 1906, with bathing, boating and all kinds of pleasure amusements, including a casino. It will be known as Capital Beach.

Corrigan and Hayes report that their act is meeting with big success in the New England States, and have some good work to follow.

Billy Hart has organized a new order among the High School Girls Company, which he calls the Stick Together Club. It is flourishing.

Mrs. George Jenner, Sr. and Sons (Walter and Roy) are spending the Winter with the Millettes, on their farm and Winter quarters, at Greensboro, Ga.

Holcomb, Curtis and Webb, since leaving for the West last August, have played without a week's lay-off, and have been headliners in the majority of houses in which they have played.

The Family Theatre at Millville, N. J., which opened on Dec. 11 as a high-class vaudeville house, is doing a good business. The house staff is

YOU CAN HAVE GOOD HEALTH

If you will study Prof. Ittmann's illustrated exercises. No. 2 of Fox's Famous Athletic Library. Price 10 cents; postage 2 cents extra. Police Gazette Office.

Henry F. Schiller, proprietor and manager; **James E. Henry**, business and stage manager, and **James Conlin**, leader.

Clark and Duncan have their new act in working order now, and are booked solid until May.

The Burtinos have signed with the John Robinson Circus for next season, to do their sensational wire act.

Blondell and Bancroft continue to win favor with Western audiences in their singing and dancing.

Harry Burton, the magician, has signed with the Great Wallace Show, to do magic and illusions, assisted by his wife.

Bert Shanklin, contortionist, has closed a successful engagement with the Reno & Alvord Indoor Circus, and is taking a short vacation at Hot Springs.

Fred A. Hodgson recently sailed for Mexico. Among the people engaged who left on same steamer were **Hassen Ben Ali's Arabs** and **Gertrude Bellatzer**.

Phillips and Farlardeau are making all kinds of a hit with their new farcelet, "Her First Rehearsal." They are on the Empire circuit, with twenty weeks ahead.

George A. Kershaw is at the Lyric Theatre, Wichita, Kan., singing illustrated songs and doing well. The house is under the able management of **L. W. Wilson** and **J. A. Benham**.

The Delkanos, handcuff experts, report continued success, and since returning from Europe have not lost a week. They are well booked up in leading houses in the West.

Noblette and Marshall will soon present their new act written especially for them by **Dixon and Fielda**. Their opening will be in Chicago, after which they will go on the Orpheum circuit.

Kelcey Conboy, who will be remembered for his clever work in "The Peddler" and "Cohen's Luck," has gone into vaudeville on account of the closing of "The Peddler" Company. Mr. Conboy will do an Irish Biddy act.

D. H. Lano and his wife, **Maale**, have been engaged for next season with the Great Wallace Shows, making their second season with that organization. Mrs. Lano is booked in vaudeville until April 15 with her comedy animals.

H. Stanley Lewis will control the advertising privileges with the Col. Cummins Wild West next season. Mr. Lewis is now at the headquarters of the show at Geneva, O., and will superintend the decorative embellishments of the show.

The American Pavilion Show will open the season on May 7, in Ohio, and the company, consisting of eighty people, band and orchestra, will travel in three special cars. **A. D. Barlow** is the general manager and **Bert Sampson** the stage director.

Oscar Lowande returned to Reading, Mass., from New York City, with two fine horses. He is breaking them for the ring, at his ring barn in Reading. He goes back with the Forepaugh & Sells Brothers' Circus for next season, it making his eighth season with the show.

Prof. Will T. Miller has again signed as manager of the annex with **Al F. Wheeler's Shows**, his second season in that capacity with the show. The line up in his department will be as follows: Prof. Miller, Punch, magic and knee figures; Mrs. W. T. Miller, second sight and trunk mystery; Mme. Elnora, fire queen; Prof. Perrino, untamable lion act; Mlle. Cleo, snake hypnotist; Perrino's canine mathematician, a farmyard museum of freak animals, and cages of small animals.

Roster of **Dr. A. C. Jones' Modern Comedy Company** and Brass Band, now touring the South to good business.—**Dr. A. C. Jones**, proprietor and manager; Mrs. A. C. Jones, secretary and treasurer; **Dr. J. E. Horn**, assistant manager; the Four Le Reanes (Harry, Eva, Freda and Little Mina), J. C. Murphy, E. L. Doty, Jerry Wilkins and Charles Dickson. The band: **Harry Le Reane**, **Freda Le Reane**, **Eva Le Reane**, **Jerry Wilkins**, **E. L. Doty**, **J. C. Murphy**, **Charles Dickson**.

For season of 1906 the advance force of the Sun Brothers' World's Progressive Railroad Shows will be as follows: **Pete Sun**, general agent and railroad contractor; **C. S. Clarke**, contracting agent; **George B. Beckley**, car manager; **Jack Bledsoe**, checker up; **Bert Moore**, boss bill poster, with fourteen men. **Orrin Hollis** has been engaged as principal somersault rider, and also act as equestrian director; **Walter Ashburn** has signed for his third season as elephant and pony trainer; **Mlle. Ashburn** and her high school horse; **Laniberto**, novelty wire; **Herr John Miller**, flexible marvel; **Charles Johnson**, bounding somersault rope; **Milfred Marion**, hand equilibrist; **Dan Randall**, principal clown; **Robert M. Pierce**, clown and concert specialties; **Charles Lanore**, musical act and calliope; **Prof. Silvers**, Punch and Judy and magic; **George Sun, Jr.**, pony rider and two horse carrying act, assisted by **Orrin Hollis**; **Rose Hollis**, lady principal rider; **Sun Brothers**, jugglers; **Four Richards**, marvelous Indian club sensation, and **Josie Brown**, flying ladder and Roman rings. They have other big feature acts in consideration. **John Shelley**, bandmaster, and the following musicians have signed: **Charles Pisk**, **Arthur Bryant**, **C. F. Brown**, **John Dousch**, **Y. Gratian**, **Y. Chapman**, **J. H. Badger**, **Harry Knight**, **B. A. Simpson**, **J. L. Dock**, **Jack Bailey**, and others. **J. C. Cherry** has charge of the Winter quarters, **Joe Quinlan** will handle the big canvas, **Frank W. Neil** will have the side show canvas, **J. D. Singleberry**, boss property man; **Dr. F. A. Smith**, V. S.; **Bill Randolph**, in charge of the ring stock; **Lew Williams**, trainmaster; **Johnny Parker**, privilege manager, and **Jack Benson**, in charge of wardrobe.

ALL SPORTING RECORDS Worth Knowing Are in the 1906 POLICE GAZETTE SPORTING ANNUAL

Scenes of Gay New York by Night

A Strenuous Night at One of the Many of New York's New Boxing Organizations.

THREE ROUND BOUTS ARE ALL RIGHT

Clever Patsy Haley, Once as Good as the Best, Puts on the Mitts, and Draws a Record Breaking Crowd as of Old.

No. 15.



IKE SWIFT.

WE'LL just take in a fight to-night for a change. I've had you down the line, over on the East Side in the wine joints, behind the scenes, and in half a dozen of the so-called swell restaurants, and all the time there have been all kinds of punching matches going on in a dozen different halls. "Clubs," they are called, just to sidestep the stern arm of the law, but what difference does it make to a good sport so long as the men are well matched and they are willing to mix it at all times.

Three rounds are the limit, but there is a lot doing between bell and bell—enough to make even the most seasoned

ringster sit up and look around as if to say:

"Now here is some punching that does a man's heart good—it seems like old times, when —." You know the rest about the days of long ago, and if you listen to him he will hand you a line of talk that will put you away for the count.

You may talk as you like about all the sports you know, but after all there is nothing like a good go with the gloves between a pair who know their business, and there are few men who have any red blood in their veins who will not go a long long ways to see a slugfest. Of course you'll always find up against some bar a bunch of dead ones who will stretch their arms and say:

"Not for mine; I've seen all I want to see, and I wouldn't go around the corner to get a ringside seat at a go between Roosevelt and Kaiser Wilhelm."

There's a screw loose somewhere in these fellows, or else they are drying of dry rot and don't know it. Nine out of ten of them are bigger around the waist than they are around the chest, and they invariably talk loud.

There's a little club that I know of where you can get a great run for your money, and we will go there.

It's a case of come early and avoid the rush, for when the gong rings for the first bout there is only standing room left and that is at a premium, because the prices are low. The manager doesn't have to bother his head about making matches because the "talent" comes to him, and it often happens that the men who furnish the preliminaries are picked from out of the audience. These three round affairs have done a lot to bring out a bunch of new ones; any young fellow who knows any part of the game can go on and get a try-out. He earns a few dollars and if he proves to be good, he is boosted along the line.

There is a mixed crowd on hand to-night, and you can expect a good card. In one of the ringside seats is the district attorney, a man who loves a fair fight in or out of the ring. Further up are a few brokers who have thought it worth while to come down here for one night, anyhow. It is safe to say that every class in life is represented, the man who is worth a million rubs elbows with the ten dollar a week clerk and they fraternize as freely as though they were chums.

"This Abe Attell is a clever boy, but they say he hasn't the punch," ventures the clerk.

"Yes, I saw him recently and he made that big fellow look like a cart horse," returns the man of money.

The fellow who paid one-tenth of his weekly stipend to join the club for that one night, which, by the way, is the system employed to evade the law on the subject, pulls out a cigarette, and asks:

"Can I trouble you for a light?"

"No trouble at all," comes the cheerful answer, and a glowing Perfecto, which cost not less than thirty-five cents, is handed over.

That miscellaneous crowd is welded into one solid mass by the masonry of sport, even though individual opinions are retained, and the opinion of a seasoned ring-goer is set hard and deep as the rock of Gibraltar.

The smoke is wafted back and forth like the tidal currents of the sea and the exertions of a hundred devotees of nicotine are adding to it every moment. An interminable buzz of voices fills the big room, and there is fight in the very air.

"I tell you the old man could lick O'Brien any day he wanted to; he's got the punch and he can stand the gaff, ain't that enough?" This in a strident voice from the cheaper seats, and it was answered at once by an argument that was apparently deemed irrefutable: "Why didn't he do it?"

Near the door is a fight bug whom no one ever heard

by name, "both members of this club," another neat little scheme to evade the law, "will box three rounds for scientific points only. Keep a little order please, because if you make a noise the bouts will be stopped. The men will box straight Marquis of Queensberry rules. All ready, boys."

He waves his hands towards the corners, and then backs through the ropes conscious of a duty well performed. The gloves, a bit too big for the majority of the onlookers, have in the meantime been adjusted, the referee calls "Time," they step to the centre, shake hands and get down to work. Sparring don't go in bouts of such short duration, so it's a case of mix it from the start. Here is a sturdy little Italian against a good, fast and clever Irish lad. The good-natured grin of the former is never relaxed for a moment as he wades in, taking a punch to give one. This fellow is fighting his way out of debt, and he's well on the road to financial freedom now. Last year he figured in more than one star fight and he looked like a money-maker. He took care of his end of the purse every time, but on one of his Southern trips he fell in with a girl that he grew to think pretty well of, and it wasn't long before she became the custodian of his coin. When the bank roll was big enough to suit her, she blew with another boy and left this one broke. That's the reason he's putting the gloves on and going three hard rounds for a ten spot now. The Irish boy is punching him at will and counting up the points every time they come together, but there is steam behind those blows of the Italian, and it isn't hard to predict the result if they were to go ten rounds instead of three. At the finish they are furiously mixing it in a corner, and the gong rings its notification more than once before they break away, shake hands, the Italian still smiling, and climb out to make way for the next pair.

The boys are put on as fast as they can bring them

has no punch, as the youngster who is up against him soon finds out, and so he wades in to do a little execution with a wild, swinging right, but the glove never gets within three inches of Patsy's smiling face. It is jab, jab, jab with the old-timer, and the crowd roars its approval, while the Kid's seconds keep calling to him in stage whispers which can be heard all over the house, to—

"Mix it there, Kid, one punch will do him."

Their advice is good, but the bewildered, dazed kid, not hurt a bit, but simply made dizzy by those lightning-like feints, followed by taps that push his head back and throw him off his balance, can't make good. He rushes, swinging as he comes in, but he finds himself breasting the ropes, and he turns only to get a straight left square on the point of the nose.

It's very discouraging work for a novice. You see, he's evidently been figuring on going into the ring and putting this old-timer away and then getting his name in the "Police Gazette Sporting Annual." It's a hundred to one that he's been in training, and he's had it all framed up with his trainer just how he was going to do the trick. It seemed very easy in that stable, or loft, or wherever it was that he had his punching bag and skipping rope, and he was told there was no harm in a dozen of Patsy's punches rolled into one. He knows that now, but that merciless, pitiless jab is enough to worry anyone, and besides, his arms are beginning to ache with the effort of swinging and hitting nothing.

"Close in, Kid; close in."

They are calling to him again and he makes another rush. He is going to try to knock the smile off that face this time. He puts all his effort in the blow and lets go. He misses, and the force of it brings him to his knees as the bell rings for the end of the first round.

He takes his seat and he knows that those yells are not for him.

His seconds and counsellors are there as quickly as he is, and while he is being fanned, and rubbed and sprayed, he is also being advised how to do it next time. Over in the other corner Patsy is talking laughingly with some ringside friends.

"You're as fast as ever, son," says one. "How are you feeling?"

That is always the proper thing to ask a man who is in the ring—that is, when you've nothing else to say. I'll bet no man ever went in the ring who wasn't asked that question at least a dozen times. It seems to be sort of a stock query, just as every rube considers it his bounden duty to ask an actor who plays his town:

"Where do you go from here?" As if it made any difference to him where the actor went, but he feels like has to say something, so he says that.

The gong rings, and they're at it again. The Kid has a new set of tactics now, and he proceeds to put them into execution, so as soon as he leaves his chair he starts on a run for his opponent. He's going after him this time, sure enough. Out goes the left and around goes the right. The right gets Patsy just behind the ear and shakes him up a bit.

"Go after him; you've got him," call out the seconds. He thinks so, too, and he draws back when the versatile Patsy slips into a clinch.

"Break there; break now," calls the referee. The Kid is pushed away and his antagonist dances back out of reach, not showing the slightest evidence of distress. Truly this is no clinch. Again and again an attempt is made to land that finishing punch, but each time it fails to connect, and when it does land it doesn't seem to land in the right place. In a mixup his chance comes again, and he rips up a right to the stomach so hard that the old-timer grunts. That gives him a little courage and after the break he rushes again, but the jaw that he aimed for is not there. His nose is beginning to get a bit sore when the bell rings with rather a welcome sound.

Lacking the punch this "vet" seems to be all right for three rounds. He's a bit winded, to be sure, but who wouldn't be under the circumstances. It's good, anyhow, to see him with the mitts on once more. It makes a fellow think of old times. I am just about to become remnant when the gong rings again.

"Shake hands and windup," says the referee.

The padded fists meet for an instant, the Kid steps back one pace and then lunges forward. He comes in with a jab, and he catches Haley squarely on the mouth with his left. Aha, he has landed. He pulls his right back to follow it up, but in that fraction of a second his chance has gone, for he's up against a ring general. Two more futile rushes and then he tried again. This time he misses with the left, but starting his right without pulling back, he catches his man on the jaw just in front of the ear. He feels the blow land and then he starts in with rights and lefts, but shifty Patsy steps inside of them and they go around his neck. In a frenzy the Kid pushes him away, but for his trouble he gets another jab on that sore nose that brings the moisture to his eyes.

"Make him fight, Kid," bawls the trainer; "go after him."

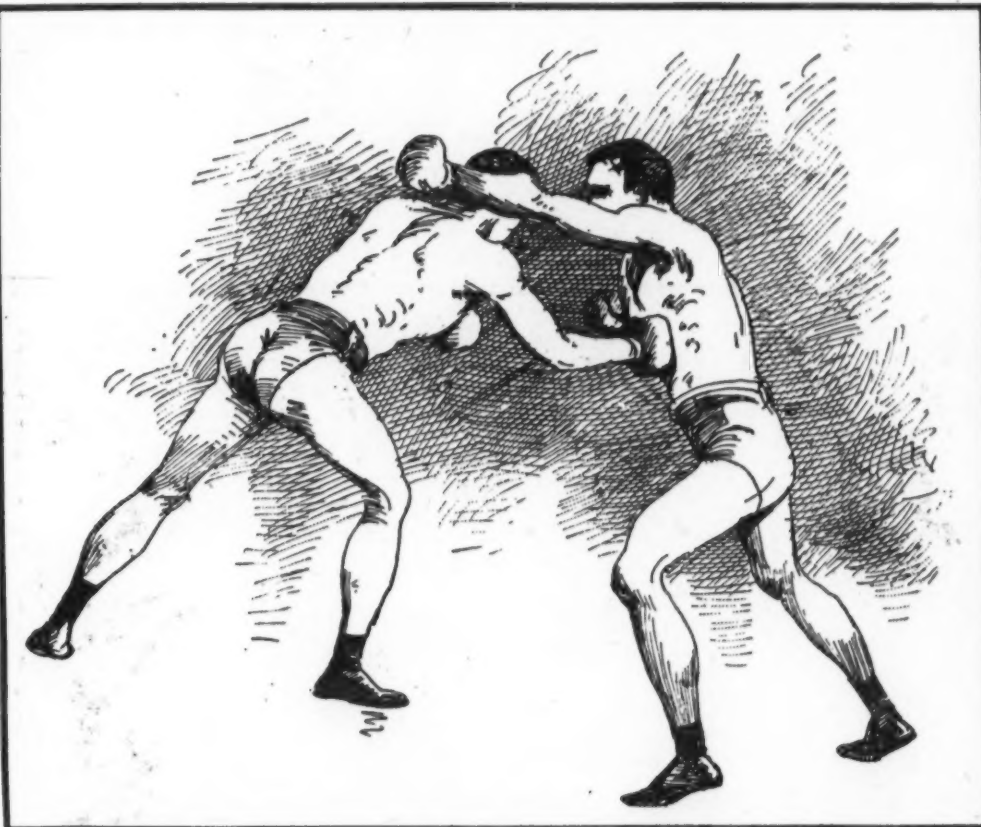
He might as well go after a dancing sunbeam as to go after the elusive, shifty, smiling Patsy, who is stalling and jabbing the third round away, and when the final gong rings he is still going after him with nothing doing. There is bitterness in his heart, but it doesn't last, for when they shake hands, the little fellow who made many a good one in his day look like a draught horse, remarks:

"You're all right, Kid, and you'll beat a lot of them some day."

Ike Swift.

A GOOD BARTENDER

Ought to have the NEW Hoffman House Bartender's Guide, because it will keep him posted on up-to-date drinks. Price 25 cents; postage 5 cents extra.



PATSY STEPPED IN WITH A RIB PUNCH AND THE YOUNGSTER'S SWING WENT WILD, AND HALEY GAVE HIM ANOTHER WALLOP.

of, and who is interesting simply because he is a freak. He is voluble, emphatic and vain-glorious.

"I kin beat Britt an' he knows it, an' dat's the reason he won't give me a chanst. He'd be a pipe fer me, cos I'd infight him, an' he couldn't stand my body punchin'. Dere's where I'm great—on dose body blows. I challenged him three times an' he never paid no attention to me. He's afraid ov me, dat's what he is. I kin beat 'em all if dey'll only cum to me."

"You couldn't beat a carpet," shouts a wit, and the bug is temporarily squelched.

The noise of the voices is suddenly emphasized—the first pair are coming and the show is on. Into the ring they climb from opposite corners, principals and seconds, and then, more leisurely, as befits the dignity of his exalted position, comes the announcer. They all have the same speech, which has been dolped duty for generations, and this one is no different from the rest:

"A little order please, gentlemen, and stop smoking while the bouts are on." But no one ever pays any attention to that last. "These two boys," he calls them

THE GAME OF POKER

Is not good for the health unless you are a winner. In order to beat it study Poker; How to Win; It is the best ever. Price 10 cents; postage 2 cents extra.

in the ring, and the bouts are all good ones. Finally there is only one more to come, and it is that for which the crowd has been waiting.

Before the announcer can do his next stunt half a hundred hands—gloved and ungloved—are coming together in applause. The cue came when a trim built, muscular little fellow, whose condition is not too good, slips through the ropes. He smiles cordially at the crowd and nods his head jerkily in response to the reception.

"I take pleasure in introducing Patsy Haley," begins the announcer, but he is stopped by the applause which breaks out again, and he fails to get in that saving clause about the "club member" business. As if Patsy needed any introduction to that crowd of sports, young or old, who have seen him fight when he was at his best. How can they ever forget the wonderful cleverness he's used to show. Don't you remember when he fought Terry McGovern before the Lenox Athletic Club in 1899? It was all Patsy up to the eighteenth round, and even the wonderful Terry couldn't find him until then, when he landed the crashing punch that gave him the big end of the purse. Is it any wonder that they applaud him? He's too wise for the best of them for three rounds even to-day, for he can stall and get away with as little effort as a kid makes when he goes up against the nursing bottle. He hits when and where he likes and how he likes, but he



Photo by Feinberg: New York.

HOOVER SISTERS, TOP NOTCHERS ON THE VAUDEVILLE STAGE.



THE PRENTICE TRIO, A GREAT FAMILY OF ACROBATS.



Photo by Baker Art Gallery: Columbus, Ohio.

HILDA LE ROY, WHO CAN DO A CAKE WALK TO PERFECTION.



MIRIAM LAWRENCE, WHO SANG FOR THE "RUNAWAY GIRL."

ALL ARE PROMINENT ON THE VAUDEVILLE STAGE, AND HOPE SOME DAY TO SHINE AS STARS.



WILLIAM GELFAND.
NEW YORKER WHO ISSUES A SWEEPING
PHYSICAL CULTURE CHALLENGE.



WILLIE DERR.
TWO-YEAR-OLD BAG PUNCHER OF SOUTH
OMAHA, NEB., WHO WANTS A MATCH.



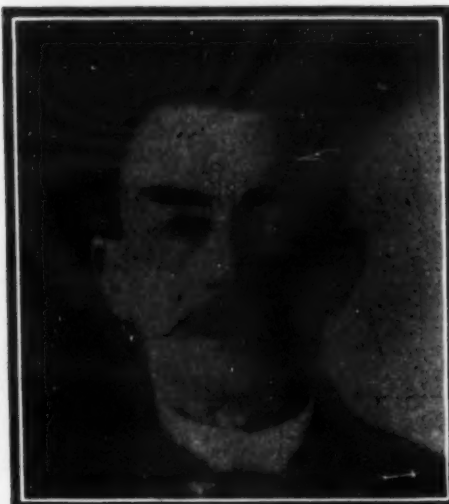
GEORGE NEASLEY.
WELL-KNOWN WRESTLER OF WAUKEGAN,
ILL., OUT WITH A CHALLENGE.



HARRY SIX.
FAMOUS HIGH DIVER WHO
ISSUES A CHALLENGE.



O. JACKOBSON.
MOST POPULAR BARTENDER
IN MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.



C. MAYO, SR.
FAMOUS SPORTING BARBER
OF POTTSTOWN, PA.



P. L. LUTZ.
OWNER OF A BARBER SHOP
AT LOUISVILLE, KY.



PRIVATE TEXTER.
A CRACK SPRINTER OF CO. D, 2d
INFANTRY, FT. LOGAN, COLO.



PLUMBERS WHO CAN PLAY BALL.
THEY ARE ALL MEMBERS OF LOCAL UNION NO. 314, OF KANKAKEE, ILL., AND THEY
HAVE AN EXCELLENT RECORD FOR PAST GAMES.

Chuck's Big Night at Tammany Hall

The Famous Bowery Boy Turns Himself and His Crowd Loose on Fourteenth Street.

THERE WAS BOOZE, BEER AND MUSIC

Swell Spielers Were on Hand to Oblige the Boys, and the Bartenders Worked Overtime to Drown Out the Wide Deep Thirsts.

The grand annual ball of Chuck Connors, Mayor of Chinatown, Bowery Boy, ex-knuckle pusher, sport, gulder, philanthropist and linguist, has been pulled off and is a thing of the past. But it will not soon be forgotten, and the memory of it will remain in the minds of those who were there, at least until the grass is green again and Chuck puts on his Summer clothes—when ever that will be.

There is no need in a case of this kind for facts and dates, but in order that it may be of use for future reference in deciding bets, let it be known that the shindig was at Tammany Hall—the only place big enough to accommodate the crowd—on the evening of Jan. 26.

There were all kinds of mobs there, from the swell mob to the tough mob, and in between, like stems of mint in a Julep, were a few people whose names are not unknown in the realms of society. They were there to see what Chuck's annual racket was really like, as well as to see how the author of "Bowery Life" framed up. Ever since Chuck turned author and wrote a book for Richard K. Fox to publish, he has been more famous than ever. Many a man in a far-away country has sent a quarter over the seas that he might read some really good tales of the famous Bowery, and the reading of it made one man so homesick that he took the first ship which sailed for the statue of Liberty.

The "bundes" from the East Side who could do a swell "spiel" were out in force, and they were kept busy from the tap of the gong to the lights out signal, when the last reveller took the count of ten or skiddooed.

Chuck himself, just the same as ever, with his blue shirt and the white pearl buttons on his coat like headlights, looked like the goods and never missed a trick. Between dancing and drinking he managed to put in a fairly large evening. He accepted so many invitations to oil up that before the night was half gone he had perceptibly increased the size of his waist measure.

"Come and have a bottle of wine with me, Chuck," asked one man.

"Wine? Wot kind ov wine?" asked he, suspiciously.

"Why, champagne," was the answer.

"Nix, nix, not on yer life. Dat's only for a drunken sailor. Say, boss," and he became impressive, "dat wine graft is no good, see? If yer want to be the real t'ing be like me and stick ter booze an' beer. Dose are de only two t'ings, exceptin' maybe Bass' ale and dat yer kin stow away by de ton. Are yer wise? But wine! Ah, cut it out. Cum on an' I'll show yer where de fence is."

Every sport from the one crooked and two straight streets of Chinatown was there to grace the occasion, and those who didn't bring their steadies were promptly supplied with partners upon application to Chuck. The etiquette of this ball is that when a girl is told to dance with a man she must dance or take the consequences, and the consequences sometimes are a black eye and a few bruises.

If you never saw Chuck leading the grand march then you have missed a sight that is worth sitting up half a night for. He has a style that is all his own, and when it comes to high stepping he has all the fancy cake-walkers in the country left at the post. With a torch that has been sold to him under the name of a cigar in his mouth, he envelops himself in a halo of dark blue smoke and keeps moving.

"Pipe me bundle, cull. She's wun ov de main squeezes in dis push, and w'en it cumster twisting she'll make dem all look like dead wuns, an' dat ain' no Buffalo Bill, neither."

By "twisting," of course, you'll understand that he means dancing—not the dancing that is taught in the dancing schools, but that which is learned on the East Side and which comes as natural as eating soup with a spoon.

Little Chuck Connors, an Italian, who is a miniature of the real one, was on hand, but he scorned the conventionalities, and there was nothing doing with the dress suit business. His glad rags consisted of a blue shirt and a dark suit trimmed with pearl buttons. (Look at Chuck's picture in his book and you'll see the identical make-up.)

With music from the band tearing holes in the

atmosphere, the revellers did the automobile dance, the very latest thing on the cards; the Boston dip, and the loop the loop. These were never heard of above Fourteenth street, but as Chuck says:

"Dey don't know everyt'ing up dere where de goats used to be, even if dey do wear lamps an' look wise."

Square dances don't go with this crowd, because they don't get enough action. It was a case of spiel and twist from the start, and all to the popular music of the day.

In the row of boxes which overlooked and horse-shoed the main floor were the guests—people who had come from houses in quiet, aristocratic streets, sports from the hotels, politicians from headquarters, theatri-



HE WAS ONE OF THE FELLOWS FROM UP-TOWN AND HE WANTED TO DO A "TWIST" AT CHUCK'S BALL.

cal personages, prominent and otherwise, all of whom were on more or less intimate terms with the man whose name was in big red letters on the show cards.

And in the room where the "fence" was, to use Chuck's own word, where a row of white-jacketed bartenders were standing shoulder to shoulder serving drinks as fast as they could pass them over the bar, there was no chance for a dead one. Everybody had money, everybody was willing to spend it, and everybody was thirsty.

What a great combination!

It was a sight calculated to make the most callous and hardened saloon man shed tears of joy.

Booze and beer, Chuck's favorites, were the principal items on the bill of fare, and many a schooner sailed cheerfully over the bar that night and found a safe harbor in the stomach of a sport. A good, first-class thirst would last about as long there as a chunk of ice on the Desert of Sahara in July, and that any were left on their feet to tell the tale only goes to show

MANY POKER CHIPS

Will come your way if you are on to the curves of the game, and the way to get next is to buy Poker; How to Win. Price 10 cents; postage 2 cents extra.

what the Bowery boys can hold when the weather is good and the bartenders know their business.

"I never kin dance good until I has about sixteen scuttles under me belt," said one husky spieler, "an' w'en I throw about twenty inter meself den I kin make all dose other twisters up der look like dey wuz wooden Indians in front ov cigar stores. W'ot?"

The milk wagons were rattling through the streets, and the gray dawn was just showing over the house tops when it was all over. The dead ones had found places of refuge and the live ones were heading for port.

The last warrior to leave was Chuck himself, and as he bee-lined it down the Bowery for Number Eight, he said:

"Grate; grate; de gratest ever; an' dere wuz more booze dere dan dere wuz at the Astor ball. Ha?"

Read Ike Swift's stories of Gay New York by Night and Day, published in this paper every week. A thriller next issue.

GOODMAN NEAR OUT.

Benny Yanger looked a sure winner in the twelfth round, at Chelsea, Mass., on Jan. 22, when the police stepped in and stopped his fight with Kid Goodman. No decision was given by the referee. Goodman was bleeding at the end of the eleventh round. Early in the twelfth round Yanger sent a crashing right to Goodman's jaw. He followed with a hard right to stomach. Goodman retaliated with feeble right to head. Yanger then sent left to eye and right to stomach, again left to face and then a perfect rain of blows on Goodman's face, right swings and left swings.

Billy Kolb, of Philadelphia, bested Billy Edwards, of the same city, in six rounds. Edwards is a clerk in a Philadelphia department store, and came here and went into the ring on a few hours' notice. He made a good showing, considering his lack of condition.

Pugilistic Notes.

Abe Label recently defeated Kid Bell in four rounds at Oakland, Cal.

Young Corbett has received an offer from Denver, Colo., to meet Dick Hyland.

Jim (Rube) Ferns, of Kansas, is in Buffalo and is anxious to return to the game.

Johnny Morrison recently knocked out Maurice Rauch, of Chicago, in ten rounds.

John A. Sullivan recently knocked out Tim Bridges in one round, at Gloucester, Mass.

It is claimed that Al Herford, of Baltimore, won \$3,000 on Joe Gans' defeat of Mike (Twin) Sullivan.

Joe Gans received \$2,604 as his share of the receipts for the fight with Mike Sullivan. The latter got \$1,790.

Jimmy Briggs and Harry Edels could not see any great amount of money in sight in New York, so they went home.

George Dixon was scheduled to meet Kid Stein in an eight-round bout at Portland, Ore., recently, but failed to appear.

Aurelio Herrera was presented with a diamond ring valued at \$250 in Bakersfield, Cal., where he is the idol of the hour.

Spike Robson, the English lightweight, that Bobby Dobbs has been coaching, is coming to this country. He is a good fighter.

Jack Skelly, who fought George Dixon for the largest amount ever put up for little boxers, is to open a boxing club at Yonkers.

Jimmy Britt, after a six weeks' stay in the East, where he refused tempting offers to meet some of the Easterners, is now back on the Coast.

Larry Temple is the latest fighter that wants a crack at Philadelphia Jack O'Brien. He will be wasting time trying to get a match with the Quaker boxer.

Jim Casey, the Irish heavyweight champion, has been matched to meet Gunner Moir, the best boxer in the English navy, at the National Sporting Club, Feb. 26.

Young Corbett got \$1,744 out of his fight with Herrera at Los Angeles. The Mexican received \$2,616 for putting Young Corbett away. The gross receipts were \$8,726.

Admirers of boxing in Australia are anxious to see Jim Jeffries don the mits, and a wealthy Australian bookmaker is willing to put up a purse of \$10,000 if the big fellow will make the journey.

Hereafter all boxers who are to take part in the bouts in New York will be examined by a physician before being allowed to go into the ring. The clubs should have taken this precaution before.

Halftone Photographs.

Phillip L. Lutz, of Louisville, Ky., is the owner of a finely equipped barber shop at 510 Johnson street.

Otto Jackobson is an expert bartender of 329 Cedar avenue, Minneapolis, Minn., whose popularity is to be envied. His photograph was sent to this office by Neils Benson.

C. Mayo, Sr., is an old-time sporting barber of Potstown, Pa. He has the best business in town, and notwithstanding his sixty-five years he is still active and energetic. He is willing to bet \$50 that he can beat any amateur of his own age in song and dance. Mr. Mayo has been taking the GAZETTE ever since he has been in business.

The Red Rock (Okla.) Baseball team carry the proud title of amateur champions of Oklahoma. They won last season 22 out of 25 games played, including 15 games straight. The names of those shown in the photograph on another page are as follows: Woolverton, c.; field captain and manager; Swallow, o. f. and business manager; Rice, 2 b.; Walker, s. a.; Arkerta, 3 b.; Atherton, p.; Penton, o. f.; Swaney, 1 b.; Frame, o. f.

The baseball team composed of the members of Plumbers Local Union No. 314, of Kankakee, Ill., put up a very superior article of ball the past season, and they will be on the job when the grass is green again. Here is the roster: D. Tewksbury, c.; E. Hanks, p.; William Secord, 1 b.; M. Quigley, s. a.; C. Babel 2 b.; T. Wahlen, 3 b.; William Boff, r. f.; G. Wohner, l. f.; M. Ottenhliemer, c. f.; H. Darche, mascot; John Martin, captain. The following are a few rooters: P. Lynch, St. Coberly, O. Courtney, G. Splear and L. Kohlmetz.

The Marvelous Brinn was born in Milan, Italy, at an early age he joined the Royal Navy, and it was while there that he laid the foundation of his future success as a unique athlete, destined to mix it with the best and to win praise and laurels in every clime. He was the star feature with Frank E. Fills' Circus in South Africa, 1896 and 1897. From there he toured the whole Continent of Europe, where he was a surprise to the athletic world. Here is his weight and measurements: Height, 5 ft. 6 in.; weight, 156; neck, 18 in.; chest, 46 in.; upper arm, 16½ in.; waist, 30 in.; thigh, 24 in., calf, 16 in.

LEARN TO MIX DRINKS

With the aid of the 1906 Hoffman House Bartender's Guide, by Charley Mahoney, of that celebrated cafe; it is finely illustrated. Price 25 cents; postage 5 cents extra.

THESE ARE BUSY DAYS

—REPORTS FROM ALL POINTS SHOW ACTIVITY—

FOR THE MITT PUSHERS

Promoters of the Various Boxing Clubs Are Hustling to Secure Desirable Ring Attractions.

AL KAUFFMAN PROVED HIMSELF BARRY'S MASTER.

Jack O'Brien Dropped By His Sparring Partner—British Army Takes Up Jiu Jitsu—Clever Abe Attell An Easy Winner.

KAUFFMAN BARRY'S MASTER.

In the fifteenth round of a battle that was to go twenty rounds, Billy Delaney's protegee, Al Kauffman, decisively defeated Dave Barry, at McGarry's Pavilion, Los Angeles, Cal., on Jan. 26.

Barry was forced to take the count in the fourth and tenth rounds. In the final round he was forced to his knees twice by the tremendously effective right-hand swings of the heavier man. The men fought at catch-weights, and Kauffman had an advantage of thirty pounds over Barry.

At the close of almost all the rounds Kauffman had his opponent groggy, and Barry was in imminent danger of being knocked out several times, but for the gong. Kauffman was very slow in following. In the final round Kauffman changed tactics and tore vicious rights and lefts to Barry's wind, following up with a right uppercut which consistently connected with Barry's jaw; another short-arm punch to the jaw lifted Barry from his feet, and before the referee had time to count him out Barry's seconds threw the sponge into the ring.

If you haven't a copy of the "Police Gazette Sporting Annual" for 1906, illustrated, you are shy the best book of the year. Twelve cents in stamps brings it to you.

SPARKS KNOCKED OUT.

Kid Sparks, of Louisville, was knocked out in the second round by Jack Dougherty, of Milwaukee, before the Peoria A. C., at Peoria, Ill., on Jan. 26. Sparks was put to sleep by a right swing to the jaw, after he had demonstrated that he was no match for Dougherty. Sparks assumed an offensive attitude, but did not mix things. He was only strong in clinches, and at that he was a peach.

Three whirlwind preliminaries preceded the major go. It took Kid Bronson, of Indianapolis, 1 minute and 50 seconds to knock out Tommy Grant, of Detroit. George Williams, of Chicago, knocked out Tommy Thomas, of Cleveland, in three rounds, and Jack Tammen, of Peoria, was given the decision over the Milwaukee Kid, in a four-round bout.

KID LOCKE ALL IN.

Jack O'Neill and Kid Locke, two aspirants for lightweight honors, met for the third time at the Broadway A. C., Philadelphia, on Jan. 25. O'Neill jumped into the lead from the start and punished the game Locke very badly.

In the second he closed Locke's left eye completely, and nothing but the Kid's gameness kept him in the ring. Locke went through the third round as well as his condition would permit, and he made a great rally before the bell, but the fourth round had not gone very far when Referee Lou Durlacher stopped the contest.

In the last half of this double-header Bill Burke met his old rival, Joe Hagan, and a slashing bout resulted. It was a case of give and take for the whole six rounds. A draw would be a just decision.

A SPLIT EAR FOR MULHALL.

Tommy Connelly, of Reading, and Charley Mulhall, of Summit Hill met before the Lancaster (Pa.) A. C. for the third time, on Jan. 24. They were decidedly shy of each other until the fifth round, when both were on their knees under right swings.

In the sixth and last round they were spurred on by the spectators and fought fiercely, and the round was Connelly's. Neither was hurt much in the battle, the worst damage being a split ear for Mulhall.

Eddie Fahey and Joe Duffy, of Philadelphia, went five rounds, when the referee stopped the bout. Fahey was nearly out in the third round, and the referee held off Duffy.

The other bouts were practically exhibitions. Leo Houck, of Lancaster, bested Young Jack Hanlon, of Philadelphia, and Young Hagan, of Reading, bested Eddie Wallace, of Philadelphia. Chris Witch, of Lancaster, and Harry Jones, of Philadelphia, went six hot rounds and broke even.

JIU-JITSU IN THE ENGLISH ARMY.

The English Army has taken up Jiu Jitsu, that famous Japanese science of attack and defense, and the men of the Queen's Westminster (London) Volunteers are being taught by means of the two books on the game published by Richard K. Fox, and bearing the titles, "The Science of Jiu-Jitsu" and "Jiu-Jitsu Tricks." Both of these books have come to be recognized as authorities on the subject, and the demand for them up to date has been so great that it is a difficult matter to keep up the supply. They are now being sent to all parts of the world and have done more to make Jiu-Jitsu known and understood than any other medium. Abel Heywood & Son, of Manchester, England, the wholesale agents for Great Britain, have sold over 100,000 copies.

COOLEY DROPPED JACK O'BRIEN.

Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, conqueror of Lanky Bob Fitzsimmons, was knocked down and almost out at the Standard Theatre, Cincinnati, O., on Jan. 26, where he is giving three-round sparring exhibitions twice daily. Fred Cooley, of Chicago, O'Brien's sparring partner, accomplished what Bob Fitzsimmons couldn't succeed in doing in thirteen rounds.

In the last round of the three, Cooley landed a right swing on O'Brien's jaw and sent the new champion staggering to the floor.

Jack went down in a heap and did not get up for



Photo by F. F. Dana, San Francisco.

JIMMY GARDINER.

Here is the Fighting Face and the Crouch of the Famous Lightweight Pugilist, and the Picture Shows Him in the Act of "Boring In."

some time. Had he been given the count he might have been out.

As a result of the bump he received, O'Brien's back and hip were severely bruised, but he is not seriously hurt.

"I was looking at one of the comedians who butts in," said O'Brien afterward, "and did not see Cooley's right coming. It caught me squarely on the jaw and down I went. I'll give Cooley credit for scoring the first knockdown, but it is not true that I lost my head. The bump when I went down hurt my back and hip, and for a little while I could not get up."

The gallery at the theatre went wild when O'Brien hit the floor.

KID BARRY GOT HIS.

Young Choyinski, a local lightweight, knocked out Kid Barry, of California, in the second round of a scheduled eight-round bout, in the opening of the Bluff City A. C., Memphis, Tenn., on Jan. 25. Barry claims credit of a draw with Herrera.

INLOW TOOK A PUNCHING.

Billy Inlow, of Altoona, met Jimmy Scanlon in a six-round fight at Pittsburgh, Pa., on Jan. 24. It was perhaps the most one-sided fight ever pulled off in town, Inlow being practically beaten from the tap of the bell. He was game, but that was all. Scanlon cut him

BEAT A BIG MAN

With a Jiu-Jitsu hold. It is a very easy matter if you know how. Get M. Ohashi's book published by Richard K. Fox. Price 10 cents; postage 2 cents extra.

up badly, and at the end of the fight both eyes of the Altoona man were closed and he was bleeding. So bad was the mill near the end that the last round had to be cut to two minutes, else Scanlon would have scored a knockout.

MAYNARD EASY FOR ATTELL.

In one of the fastest fights ever seen in Portland, Me., Abe Attell, on Jan. 22, was given the decision over Billy Maynard in the tenth round of their scheduled fifteen-round bout.

In the tenth round, Maynard, his face covered with blood and hanging on and swinging wildly, was knocked down five times with straight right hooks to the jaw. The last time, although he was not quite out, Referee Lewis awarded the fight to Attell as his opponent was clearly all gone.

COTE TRIMMED KENYON.

Arthur Cote was given the decision over Jack Kenyon at Sanford, Me., on Jan. 23, in the sixth round of what was to have been a ten-round bout. In this round right and left jabs to Kenyon's stomach put him to the mat, and, while he was on his feet at the count, he was in no condition to continue.

SAM McVEY'S PUNCH.

In the fourth round of what was to have been a twenty-round contest, Sam McVey, of Oxnard, knocked out Denver Ed Martin, at San Diego, Cal., Jan. 25. While the fight lasted it was one of the fastest contests ever seen in San Diego.

From the beginning of the first round to the time Martin was put out with a straight left to the point of the chin, the men were fighting fast and furious almost continually.

BALDWIN TOO MUCH FOR MURPHY

Matty Baldwin, the clever New England boxer, made his first appearance in New York at the athletic entertainment of the Summit A. C., on Jan. 19, and surprised the fans of Gotham by the easy manner in which

CHALLENGES

(The challenge editor will be pleased to publish all legitimate challenges in all sports, such as boxing, wrestling, skating, bowling, swimming, bicycling, walking, running, jumping, etc., etc.)

Tom Joy, of 20 North Portland avenue, Brooklyn, issues a challenge to all 110-pound boxers.

Carl Strum, trainer of George Neasley, of Waukegan, Ill., challenges any heavyweight grappler in the United States.

George Gibel, of the Woodhaven A. C. would like to meet any of the 130-135 wrestlers on the mat at catch-as-catch-can style.

John Reimberg, of 18 Church street, New Rochelle, N. Y., challenges any 170-pound man in the world to meet him in a contest of strength.

Frank Westcott, of 31 Mechanic Street, New Rochelle, N. Y., claims to be the champion boot-black of that city and is ready to defend his title.

Walter Potter, of 878 West Broad street, Columbus, O., claims the bantamweight championship title, and he is ready to defend it against all comers.

Boxing gloves are good things to have in the club, but there is no necessity for buying them. You will get them free as soon as an express company can bring them to you if you will send \$6 for a year's subscription to the "Police Gazette." What more does any man want for his money.

Harry Six, Box 73, Bryan, O., challenges any headforemost diver for any amount of money, to compete with him diving from height into shallow water.

Young Edwards, of Beaver Dam, Wis., issues a challenge to any welterweight in the State; Jack Dougherty, who claims the State championship, preferred.

In a letter to the "Police Gazette," J. Johnson, of the U. S. S. Olympia, states that he would like to meet any of the many sailor boxers in the Atlantic squadron.

Harry Brown, one of the best sprinters on the cinder path in Brooklyn, N. Y., wants to meet any of the sprinters of the Brooklyn or National A. C. in a 220 yard dash for a trophy.

William Gelfand, 249 East 121st Street, New York, weighs 120 pounds, and would like to compete in a physical culture contest. He challenges any man to equal his development.

Willie Derr, of 628 North Twenty-fourth street, South Omaha, Neb., is a two-year-old bag puncher, who wants a match with any youngster of his age. He is the son of Frank Derr, a well-known barber.

Edward Snowden, better known as Snow-hall, a Baltimore, Md., boxer, is after a match with Young Peter Jackson, at 150 or 162 pounds, and would like to hear from Manager Al Herford, who looks after Jackson's interests.

Billy Glass, of 1217½ South Tenth street, Omaha, Neb., would like to meet Hughey McGovern, Jimmy Walsh or Tommy Murphy. Glass has many admirers in the West who would like to see him in action with some good boy.

M. S. Hope, who says he is the trainer of Private Texter, of Company D, Second United States Infantry, Fort Logan, announces that his man holds the army record for the 880-yard run, and he will match him against any soldier for a side bet of \$200.

John Tholmes, whose address is the Orleans Athletic Club, 315 Marais street, New Orleans, La., through his manager, A. B. Cayan, challenges any heavyweight boxer in the country, Jack Johnson preferred. He claims the championship of the South.

Kid Murphy, the New York boxer, who has defeated all the bantams in the vicinity of the metropolis, would like to meet Danny Dougherty in a bout from ten to twenty rounds. Murphy can make 114 pounds nicely, but is willing to let Dougherty weigh 130 at the ring-side.

Arthur G. Caldwell and Henry F. Jarvis, of Newburyport, Mass., challenge any two carom players in the country to play a series of games in partnership, for the carom championship, for \$25 to \$100 a side or more.—George M. Caldwell, 53 Washington street, Newburyport, Mass.

William Jones, considered the cleverest 122-pound wrestler in the country, challenges any of the mat artists to meet him in a finish contest, catch-as-catch-can style, for a side bet. Anyone desirous of meeting him should address Adam Durr, of 27 Lafayette St., Utica, N. Y., who is looking after his interests.

William A. Elkes, known pretty well from one end of the country to the other as Pop Elkes, father and developer of the late Harry D. Elkes, the world's champion middle distance bicycle rider, wants to have one more "go" in the squared circle before his hands get too shaky to put on the gloves. He writes that he would like to meet any man 55 years of age, and give him ten pounds, or anyone fifty years old at 130 pounds.

RYAN AND RUSSELL DRAW.

Adam Ryan and Unk Russell fought a six-round draw at Philadelphia, on Jan. 23, the bout being the feature go. All the way through it was a fierce fight, and in the opinion of a large crowd was a good draw. Russell was handicapped by a bad ankle, but he forced the fighting from start to finish. Ryan, of the greater experience, fought the more cleverly, and got away from his opponent by slipping his leads.

THIS PUBLICATION IS

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MUSICAL BELL PONY GIRLS.

D I" COMPANY HAS DONE MUCH TO MAKE THAT PLAY A GREAT SUCCESS.

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PHILA. JACK O'BRIEN MAY

—SPORTING ENGLISHMEN OFFER BIG PURSE FOR CHAMPIONSHIP BOUT—

FIGHT PALMER FOR TITLE

Gans Maintains He is Still Lightweight Champion and Challenges Britt and Nelson.

NEW PUGILISTIC TALENT COMING TO THE FRONT

Boxing Shows Plentiful in New York City—The Legal Aspect Discussed—
Small Talk Among the Big and Little Pugilists.

Philadelphia Jack O'Brien now has a chance to enhance his pugilistic reputation abroad by fighting Jack Palmer (Pedar's brother) for the British championship. When O'Brien was in England before cribbing small purses by beating all the second and third class men he could match with, he was looked upon as something of a sure thing man, who could only be induced to fight when he had "an ace down." This opinion grew out of his failure to meet Kid McCoy, who journeyed from here to London for the sole purpose of meeting him. Since then English sporting men have been inclined to look upon the Philadelphia pugilistic pretension as a joke. If he cares to correct this feeling he can have the match with Palmer, who recently defeated Geoffrey Thorne, for the heavyweight championship of Great Britain. The promoters want the affair to come off during the Northumberland Cup meeting in June. The purse will amount to more than \$8,000, with \$250 additional for expenses. O'Brien has cabled a reply to the effect that he cannot accept unless the purse is one of \$10,000, with \$1,000 for expenses, but he says at that he would like to make the trip, as boxing here in June is rather dull. Charley Mitchell, it was generally understood, intended to bring Palmer over here soon, but the offer made above would seem to indicate that the English heavyweight had decided to remain at home. If the match with Palmer is clinched, O'Brien will pass up possible contests with Tommy Ryan, Marvin Hart and others, as he looks upon the Briton as an easy mark. Ryan's latest is a message to James Coffroth, the San Francisco fight promoter, that he will fight O'Brien at 158 pounds, ringside, for the middleweight championship of the world.

The way to get boxing gloves of a superior quality, free, is to send \$6 for a year's subscription to the "Police Gazette." You will not be asked to even pay the expressage. Then you'll own a set of gloves made by the best man in the business especially for the "Gazette."

Some of America's famous pugilistic critics who have been vociferous in proclaiming that the lightweight championship title belongs to Battling Nelson, found themselves the other day in something of a dilemma, when Joe Gans, after whipping Mike (Twin) Sullivan and winning the welterweight title, declared himself as willing to fight Nelson, Britt or anybody else for the lightweight championship of the world. Gans still maintains that he is the holder of the lightweight title. In order to prove his assertion, Gans has just made a statement to the effect that he will take on either James Britt or Battling Nelson for a twenty-round fight at 133 pounds, weigh in at 6 o'clock, winner to take all or any part of the purse that Britt or Nelson may designate. Gans is particularly anxious to meet Britt, from whom he won a questionable battle some time ago on a foul, and as a guarantee of good faith he declares that if Britt is willing to accept he will post a forfeit of \$2,500 with Harry Corbett to bind the match. If Britt declines, Gans says that Nelson can have a match with him on the same terms, the fight to decide whether Nelson has a right to style himself the "lightweight champion of the world."

Gans wants to fight either of these men in San Francisco, where there is no interference with boxing, and he has received assurance that James Coffroth will hang up a big purse for the mill. Incidentally, the Baltimore pugilist states emphatically that Al Herford will no longer be his manager, but that another will look after his interests. In his own defense, Gans states that in many of the fights in which he took part under Herford's management he was compelled to "follow instructions" or remain idle, and that because of this predicament he was not wholly to blame for the ugly stories that were circulated. In future, he declares, he will fight on the level and will refuse no challenger who shows that he means business.

Those who know Britt do not believe that he wants any part of Gans and that he will sidestep the above proposition, but sporting men aver that if Nelson, who has proclaimed himself a world beater, does not accept Gans' terms for a mill he will lose much of the prestige he has already earned in the ring. Nelson can draw the color line, but at this late day such action would not be regarded as based upon sincerity. In a word, it looks as if Nelson will have to fight Gans or cease claiming the lightweight title, which, as a matter of fact and in accordance with ring rules, Gans still possesses.

Gans' challenge proved a veritable bombshell. Britt said "Nay, nay," and passed it up to Nelson on the ground that he had something else to do and the Battler found a plausible reason for sidestepping the real lightweight champion. Nelson's manager says that the Dane's reputation might be injured if he mixed it up with the Baltimore pugilist, who, in Nolan's estimation, is a faker. This is a novel excuse, as Nolan does not draw the color line, but says, on the contrary, that Nelson would meet any colored man in the world, barring Gans. It has been set forth that if Gans should be compelled to defend the title of lightweight champion he would have to scale 133 pounds

ring-side, instead of at 6 o'clock, but leaving these technicalities out of this controversy, the fact remains that Gans is the undefeated lightweight champion, and that neither Nelson nor Britt has a right to claim this honor without making a match with the man who recently won the welterweight title from Mike Sullivan in such clever style.

Some of the promoters of boxing, managers of boxers or aspirants to pugilistic fame, living in the Middle West, will be interested in the following letter, which, for obvious reasons, I use in its entirety: GREGGSON SPRINGS, MONT., Jan. 19, 1906.

Dear Sir: I have a boy by the name of Young Ketchell, who I am willing to match against any man in the country at 150 pounds, for \$1,000 a side. I



PHIL. KEARNEY.

Holder of the One-mile Indoor Skating Record for Amateurs, having made the Distance in 2:47. at the Clermont Avenue Rink, Brooklyn, N. Y.

have him matched now with Jack Sullivan, the heavyweight champion of Montana, and the man who fought Jack Munroe a draw here a couple of years ago, for the 12th of February, and then he fights Pat Gallagher, the fellow that made such a great fight against Marvin Hart, in Butte, last Monday night. Ketchell has won 33 fights in the past two years, and most of them by the knockout route. He is only 19 years old now, and you will hear from him, as he is the card now in Butte. Respectfully yours,

FREDDIE BOGAN.

It is needless to say that if Ketchell is all that his manager claims for him he will be a real acquisition to the fighting fraternity. The big fellows are dying out or getting passe and new blood is really needed!

Some of the glamour of Young Corbett's admiration for Terry McGovern is taken away by the former's recent statement that Herrera is the best fighter he ever met and that the Mexican is in line for the lightweight championship on merit alone. Meanwhile Herrera declares that he will not be satisfied until he has secured a match with Britt or Battling Nelson, whichever may signify a willingness to meet him first. Nelson's go with McGovern for six rounds in Philadelphia in March will probably afford Herrera's next opponent; and interest in the contest, by the way, is growing apace. Dave Sullivan, one of the leading featherweights several years ago, who is now looking after his real estate interests in this city, says that he believes Nelson and McGovern will put up the most sensational battle yet seen in the East, but he does not look for a knockout by either man inside the limit. Sullivan thinks McGovern, as a lightweight, will be hot stuff when he stacks up against the Battler, inasmuch as Terry has a wonderful punch and is a terrific in-

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fighter. But at that he gives credit to Nelson for being a high class pugilist with all the qualities necessary for success.

Enterprising purveyors of pugilistic entertainment in various cities where boxing is under the legal ban may profit from a knowledge of how private clubs catering to the patrons of fistie sport are conducted in New York City. The question of the legality of the scheme is now before the local courts, but thus far no dispenser of justice has had the temerity to say that the method employed is illegal, although one magistrate, who is not decided upon the point involved, has held the defendants in a recent case for trial in the higher courts.

When the Horton law was operative it was legal for a domestic incorporated athletic club to hold boxing bouts in this State with a regular fee of admission, but this law was finally repealed and a new statute framed by Assemblyman M. E. Lewis was substituted. The Lewis law was so carefully drawn that even a boxing exhibition in a theatre was considered illegal, and the game, subsequently, came to an abrupt end. Section 488, of the Penal Code, or rather the Lewis law, reads as follows:

"A person who, within this State, engages in, instigates, aids, encourages or does any act to further a contention or fight with weapons between two persons, or a fight, commonly called a ring or prize fight, either within or without the State, or who engages in a public or private exhibition of sparring, with or without gloves, within the State, at which an admission fee is charged, or received, either directly or indirectly, is guilty of a misdemeanor."

The magistrate above referred to holds that this law has been violated because the "dues for membership" which are received at the doors of the different clubs on the nights when fights are held are really "admission fees, paid indirectly." Other magistrates, on the contrary, have decided that so long as the bouts are held in the presence of club members there is nothing illegal about them. Several of the leading clubs have been acting upon the advice of counsel all along, and they insist that there is no law stipulating when a member of one of these organizations must pay his initiation fee or dues. For that reason they assert that it is legal for a man who wishes to see a three-round contest as a member to make an application for such membership at the doors, where the board of governors go through

FIGHTERS ARE

—TURN DOWN MANAGERS—

UNGRATEFUL

Selfishness Plays Conspicuous Part in Pugilists' Career.

Fighters who have brains enough to manage their professional affairs are few and far between. The most successful pugilists we have ever known are the ones who have somebody else to do the thinking and planning, while they themselves attended to the work of preparing for and winning the fights they are engaged in. Frequently, it was the manager's foresight which brought about the public career and development of championship material. Sometimes this service was appreciated by the man who was elevated from obscurity to fame, but more often ingratitude was displayed by the beneficiaries, and they were quick to "turn down" the brainy man to whom they were indebted; but that fighters are ingrates is proverbial. A notable instance of this is recalled by the rumor that Battling Nelson and Billy Nolan, his manager, are "on the outs," and liable to part company, and that Billy Murphy, of Chicago, the Dane's first manager, may again be his right-hand man.

A rich story is given out by Billy McCarney, the manager of Young Erne and Unk Russell, which shows the unsportsmanlike methods adopted by some of the cheap managers of boxers who infest the West. It tells the whole story of how Murphy and Nelson fell out.

The pair were partners in Chicago and neither had enough to eat regularly. Murphy, however, was possessed of some business ability, and kept hot on the trail of the club managers to give him a chance. They picked up enough money in Chicago to pay for special delivery stamps and a few telegrams and finally Murphy succeeded in getting a fight for the Dane in Salt Lake. Nelson won, and his end was the biggest amount of money he had ever seen.

Murphy painted beautiful pictures of the fortune that awaited them and by eloquence made Nelson think he could whip all comers. Finally he got the Dane to consent, and their trip to the Coast was one series of triumphs, and when they got to 'Frisco they were considerably richer than when they reached Salt Lake.

That was the undoing of the "Boy Manager," however, for as soon as Nelson had whipped a couple of Native Sons everybody wanted to become his manager. Murphy was confident that Nelson was his friend, and no matter what happened the Dane would stick by him.

After he had whipped Eddie Hanlon and scored his first defeat over Young Corbett the so-called sports on the Coast began to tell the Dane that he was "in wrong;" that the Native Sons would put him on the "blink" if he did not shake Murphy.

These threats, however, had no effect, and the Murphy-Nelson concern went right along. Then they fell back on the old gag that Nelson's money was being sent over the bars for wine suppers.

One night Murphy was summoned to a glided cafe under the pretense of securing a new match. When Murphy arrived he found a lot of alleged good fellows and a few ladies attired in costumes of filmy splendor, and painted in a manner that would put a dizzy sourette to sleep. Murphy was introduced all around and fresh bottles were ordered. Meanwhile a party to the scheme who had been dispatched to Nelson's stopping place told the Dane all about it. Nelson thought it worth "a look" and saw Murphy innocently in the midst of wine, skirts and hilarity and got to thinking, one of his hardest tasks.

Murphy was not aware of the plot and did not see his protegee. It had been previously planned that Murphy should hike back to Chicago with the coin of the realm picked up on a trip which Nelson originally protested against.

This agreement had been reached when both Nelson and Murphy discovered that they were in the midst of a bunch of world's champions at the touching game. Murphy, after making up his mind that there was nothing doing at the wine works above referred to, waited up for the first train out. The schemers wise to him sent word to Nelson through an innocent source that Murphy had told everybody in town that Nelson would see no more of him and that he could whistle for the money his fighting ability had earned.

It's pugilistic history that Nelson had the law intercept the train carrying Murphy from the Coast, and that the youthful manager was hauled back to 'Frisco and indignantly quit the Battler then and there.

It was here Nolan balked the schemers and took Nelson in hand. Now, if reports are right some of the same class are after Nolan's scalp.

JEFFORDS BROKE HIS ARM.

Jim Jeffords, who fought George Gardner, of Lowell, Mass., at Philadelphia, on Jan. 24, will never fight again.

In the fourth round Jeffords swung his right for Gardner's stomach, but the blow landed against the Lowell man's arm. While suffering great agony from the punch, Jeffords continued fighting until the end of the sixth round.

After the fight Jeffords told his seconds that he thought he had broken his arm. A doctor was called, and a hasty examination showed a break. He was hurried to the hospital where the injury was found to consist of a double break of the forearm.

The doctors told Jeffords that he may never be able to use the arm again, and certainly it would never be fit to fight with again.

Gardner put up such a poor bout with Jeffords that he was hooted and jeered by the disgusted spectators.

Gardner, who aspires to the light heavyweight championship, gave no indication of any ability to ever gain this distinction. He had to give away from ten to fifteen pounds to his opponent, which would not have been a severe handicap had Gardner manifested a disposition to mix things up.

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J. C. W., Tenafly, N. J.—He gets both.
Cassino, Spring Valley, Ill.—First ace wins.
J. E. Roth, Grand Rapids.—High wins in your game.

J. E. F., Warwick, N. Y.—The decision was "no fight."

W. W., New York.—Neither win; they must play on to 1,200.

T. W. W., Camp Keethly, Mindanao, P. I.—The hand is a draw.

L. J. H., Syracuse.—Ask some schoolboy in your city to answer that.

R. J. K., Croghan, N. Y.—O'Brien won and Fitz was not knocked out.

M. S., New Haven, Conn.—What nationality is Young Corbett?.....American.

A. L. P., Marquette, Mich.—Gans is still the recognized lightweight champion.

T. F.—In casino points go out in order: Big and little casino, aces, cards and spades.

G. G., Woodhaven.—Can you give me the address of Young Panning?.....Care of POLICE GAZETTE.

P. D., Erie, Pa.—Neither you or the other party had action for the money as the house never opened.

G. S. L., Aneta, N. D.—Straights are played in all recognized poker clubs, and a straight flush beats four aces.

C. B., Ness City, Kan.—Is one card a correct and legitimate cut of the cards?.....In cutting cards, one is no cut.

W. D. Jolly, Alderson, I. T.—You will find your questions answered in the "Police Gazette Sporting Annual."

E. P., Uby, Mich.—A and C playing seven-up; A is eight; B is eight and C nine; B begs; can A give C out?.....No.

Opposite, Brooklyn.—In four or six-handed pin-ochle, partners, does the meld count if there is no trick made?.....No.

A. W. Y., Brooklyn.—The hand is not dead, and he can pick up three of the cards and let the fourth remain on the table.

C. R. D., Meyersdale, Pa.—He should have announced that he splits, and as he cannot show openers does not win the pot.

R. P., Amesbury.—A and B playing pitch; both are 9; A is dealing; B passes; A pitches it; A has the ace, but he gives B the chance to get in the deuce, and B calls the game; who wins?.....A wins.

G. W., Oklahoma City, Okla.—A bets that New York City has got a larger population than the State of Texas?.....Estimated population of Greater New York, 4,014,304; estimated population of Texas, 3,650,000.

C. K., Cleveland.—C. K. bets McG. that Robert Fitzsimmons is not 45 years old; decide the bet?.....He says he was born June 4, 1862.

Denniston and Sullivan, Shanghai.—Duffy made such an admission in a published statement, and his records have been rejected by the A. A. U.

D. H., New York.—In a game of poker; A bets B that if a card is turned up in the buy he must take card; B says he can't take card?.....House rules govern.

E. T. W., Washington.—Auction pitch; 7 points; A was 6; B 5; the others were 3; B bids 2 and makes low game; A makes high; who wins?.....A wins.

R. B., Mowry, A. T.—Would four cards be a foul hand after the draw in draw poker? Can a misdeal be called at any stage?.....1. Yes. 2. Not after the draw.

E. T. C., Belleville, Ontario.—Cribbage; A plays a three spot; B pairs it; A plays a four spot; B plays a five spot, makes 15-2 and claims a run of three?.....It is a run.

T. P., Newburg.—Can anybody except a person born in this country be president of the United States?.....Yes, the son of an American citizen born abroad is eligible.

Reader, Manville, R. I.—Pitch; between B and V; B has seven points and bids three, makes high, low, game; and V is nine and makes jack; who wins?.....V wins.

C. E. J., Trenton.—Auction; bidding to the board; A is nine and bids three; B is ten; A makes the trump; A makes high, jack and game; B makes low; who wins?.....B wins.

T. M., New Orleans.—Was Moore who held the "Police Gazette" coon shouting medal defeated in 1905 or not?.....He did not contest against Tascott, who won the 1905 medal.

T. A. R., Manville, R. I.—W. S. says Jabez White was over thirty when he was defeated by Jimmy Britt; T. R. says White was under thirty?.....He was 32 years old when he fought Britt.

J. N., Moline, Ill.—In a game of four handed pinochle; A and C are partners; B and D are partners; C bets B that they do not have to go over their partners tricks?.....Only in trumps.

C. A. V., Covington.—Auction pitch; eleven out; five in game; R has three to go, bids three and buys; M has one to go; R pitches ace of spades; M puts on deuce of spades and claims he wins; R makes high, jack and game and claims he wins, because the buyer always has the privilege; who is right?.....M wins with low.

C. H. R., Sayreville.—A. B. C. and E are playing poker; A deals; it is a jack pot; B opens; C stays; D stays, and E stays; A draws one card; B two cards; C three cards; D and E draw three cards; after the draw,

C passes; D passes; E calls the opener; on the show down the opener has six cards; C and D claim it is a misdeal all around; E takes the pot and claims he is right; who wins?.....E is right.

D., Cambridge, O.—A bets B that O'Brien would knock out Fitz; who wins; also please state what means a knockout?.....1. Fitz was not knocked out. 2. When a man is knocked unconscious during the progress of a round.

J. W. R., Detroit.—A and B are shaking Indian dice; A shakes one ace and one six on first throw; one ace on second throw, and two fours third throw, and claims four fours on account of ace running wild; B contends that inasmuch as A started with an ace and six he has but three sixes at the finish?.....Three sixes and two fours is the best he can have.

P. L., Portsmouth, N. H.—In playing straight pool, is it a scratch or a safety on the opening shot to just drive the cue ball to the pyramid and touch the cushion? In playing a ball for the corner pocket if you

Jeffries. Match the Sailor and Marvin Hart and I think the winner would be recognized as champion. Jack O'Brien will find enough to do in his own class if he tackles Tommy Ryan. Are you going to give us a supplement of McGovern and Nelson in ring together?.....1. Sharkey won't fight. 2. Not this time.

E. P., Rimonski, Can.—Give me the world's record for lifting a dumb-bell at the end of the right hand made by Louis Cyr a few years ago?.....273½ pounds using both left and right hands from thigh to shoulder and then right hand above the head.

Subscriber, Elizabeth.—Cribbage; A plays jack; B plays 5, making it 15 for 2; C plays 4, making it 19; D plays 6, making it 25 for a run of 3; A and B can't play; C plays 4, making the count 29, and claims a run of 3 also; D claims C can't count the run?.....No run.

H. M. R., Swanton, O.—A and B are playing seven-up; both have six points; A is dealing; he turns jack of diamonds; B begs; A runs the cards and turns spades for trump, of which B has the ace; who is en-



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just drive the ball about four inches and don't enter the pocket or hit a cushion, is that a scratch? In playing a safety, after the balls are broken up to just drive a ball to the cushion and in that all that is necessary?.....1. Scratch. 2. Scratch. 3. Yes.

P. M. M., Redding, Cal.—Why was James J. Corbett never champion of the world? What nationality are James J. Jeffries' parents?.....1. Because he never won the title in an international fight? 2. Americans, so far as we know.

B. R. T., Ft. Bayard, N. M.—In a game of cribbage; A plays 2; B 6; A 5; B 1; A 3; B 4; does this constitute a run of 6? Again, A plays 4; B 5; A 3; B 5; A claims a run of 3; B claims a run of 3; does B get a run?.....1. Yes. 2. No.

J. P., Crawford.—Suppose two strangers come into a gambling house and ask for a pack of cards to play seven-up. At the end of game, one claims the other owes him five dollars. Can the proprietor of the house be held responsible for debt?.....No.

W. I. B., Brooklyn.—What is the record of rat killing by a dog? Was there a black and tan, 20 pound weight, named Jocko, that killed 1,000 rats in one hour?.....No, the dog you refer to killed 1,000 rats in less than 100 minutes, at London, Eng., May 1, 1882. That is the best known record.

L. P. N., New Orleans.—I think that Tom Sharkey has the best right to the heavyweight championship, being the only man to stand twenty-five rounds with

titled to the money, A who turned Jack, or B who had high? A bets B twenty-five cents against seventy-five cents that he can shake twenty-six aces or more in twenty-five throws, using five dice for each throw; who has the best of the proposition?.....1. Jack wins. 2. A mathematician should be consulted.

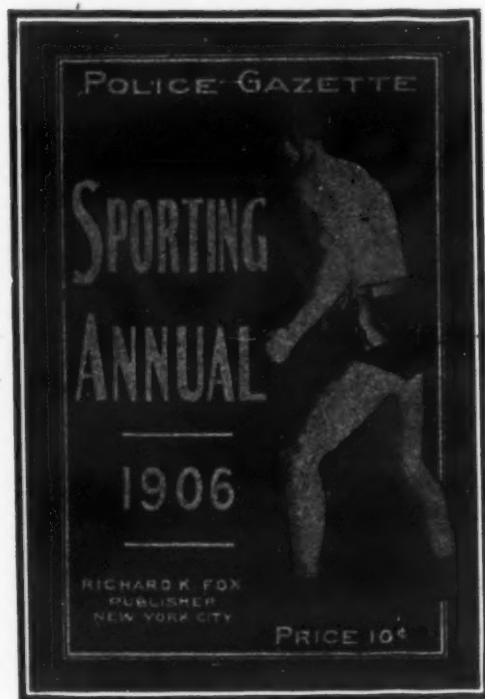
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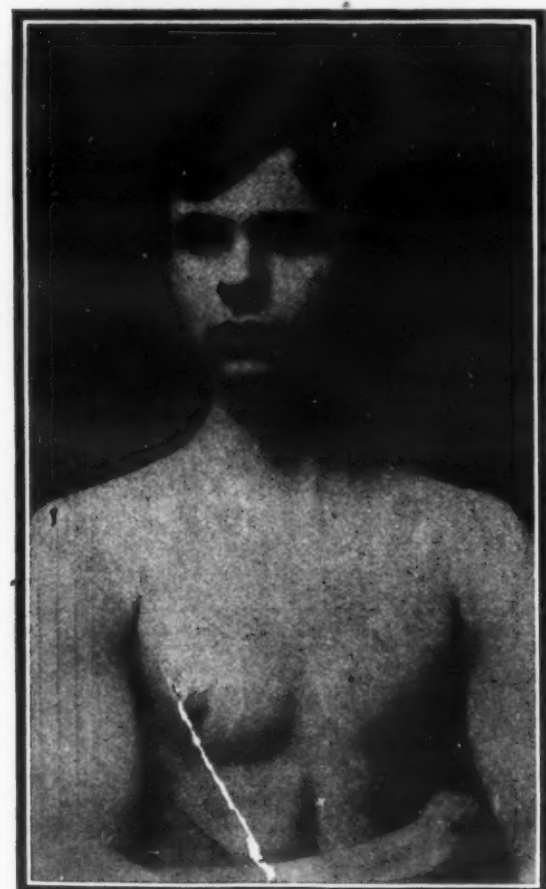
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Photo by Bushnell: San Francisco.

E. Casassa is head mixer at Finnigan's Cafe, on Larkin street, San Francisco, Cal. He is the inventor of several popular beverages, among them the "Union Labor" drink which is well liked on the Pacific Coast. Mr. Casassa is well known among the sporting fraternity in that section of the country, and attends all the big flatie battles in San Francisco.

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MELZER CRAMP SETTLER.

(By Alfred Melzer, Elizabeth, N. J.)

Three dashes lemon; one dash Absinthe; two dashes Angostura bitters; one dash Ginger brandy; one dash Italian Vermouth; half pony Rye whiskey; stir with spoon; serve in small glass.

DOWN SOUTH CELERY TONIC.

(By Bennie Jones, 2416 Washington avenue, Newport News, Va.)

Use high ball glass; one lump ice; one slice lemon peel; two and one-half glasses Black and White Scotch whiskey; then put bottle of Schoenberger Celery Tonic on bar and let customer help himself.

CHOCOLATE FIZZ.

(By Hugo Klein, 26 East Fourth street, St. Paul, Minn.)

Use mixing glass half full fine ice; one Jigger Sloe gin; half Jigger cream; white one egg; one spoon sugar; five dashes lemon; three dashes Angostura bitters; two dashes Maraschino; shake well; strain in fizz glass and serve with Apollinaris.

JERSEY LILY.

(By H. J. Frowery, Waverly Park, Newark, N. J.)

One lump of clear ice; juice of half lemon; two or three dashes of Angostura Bitters; Jigger of Applejack; add a bottle of imported ginger ale; put small bar spoon in glass and serve.

EGG SOUR.

(By Leo E. Larke, Arlington Cafe, Sacramento, Cal.)

Use small mixing glass half full cracked ice; four or five dashes Curacao; juice of one lime; one egg; shake well and strain into peg glass; fill with cold siphon soda and serve.

ROYAL EAGLE FIZZ.

(By A. L. Marra, 905 E. Broad St., Richmond, Va.)

Use large bar glass half full cracked ice; one dash orange bitters; one dash Absinthe; one fresh egg; half pony Creme de Violet; half pony Benedictine; shake well; strain in fizz glass; fill it with fresh seltzer and serve at once.

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THE ART OF SELF-DEFENSE.

James J. Corbett, the world's champion boxer, is your instructor through this invaluable book, No. 9 of Fox's Athletic Library, and it will be immediately mailed to you on receipt of 13 cents in stamps.

MATTY ON DECK AGAIN.

Matty Matthews, former welterweight champion, showed flashes of his old-time form in a hot bout with Kid Williams, of Philadelphia, recently. The Quaker did his utmost to force the pace, but the boy who laid Mysterious Billy Smith and other celebrities low, met him at every stage of the game.

Matthews feels confident that he can defeat Williams if they meet again, and is also eager to meet Willie Lewis at 138 pounds.

BOWLING RECORD.

Former Captain Anson, of the Chicago baseball team, and now City Clerk, of Chicago, Ill., has reason to be proud of the bowling team that bears his name, for the ten pin artists representing the captain in the Monroe League smashed the world's record recently by averaging 1,083 flat, which beats the 1,061 1-3, which stands on the books of the American Bowling Congress, and which is credited to the Bensingers, of the Chicago League.

It was against the Hofmanns that the Ansons rolled 1,062, 1,028 and 1,100 and won two games, and it was Eugene Vollmar, one of the stars of the endurance grind that carried off individual honors by averaging 228 flat.

THE 1906 SPORTING ANNUAL.

Is larger and better than ever. Contains Thirty Full-page Illustrations of Sporting Celebrities. It will be mailed direct on receipt of Six Two-cent Stamps. This office.

WALSH BE TED O'TOOLE.

The National A. C., Philadelphia, was crowded to the doors on Jan. 27, when Tommy O'Toole and Jimmy Walsh, Boston's crack bantam, clashed in a six-round argument. For two rounds they sparred a great deal and little damage was done in that time. There were repeated clinches and towards the end of the first round they got started a bit. Walsh all the leading, and O'Toole was very wild. They cut loose in the third and Walsh became very fast. He sent a left to the face and followed this up with several to the jaw. Walsh again got to Tommy's face with his right, and O'Toole's right eye was in mourning. A fast mixup occurred with Walsh having the best of it. A right to the jaw dropped Tommy for the count of nine. He came up and rushed to a clinch. This was Walsh's round by a big margin. Walsh seemed to slow up in the fourth, and Tommy took a brace, sending right and left to the face. In the last two rounds both boys boxed fast. They fought in a clinch and in sharp mixup Walsh sent several to the body. Some rattling exchanges to the jaw were witnessed and Tommy sent right and left to the face as the final bell rang.

The bout between Kid Beebe and Tommy Herman was a very warm number, both boys putting lots of action in their work. They mixed it up and exchanged it well in the first round and Beebe went heavily for Herman's body in the second. Tommy had all the advantage in the third, and he pushed Beebe's head back with straight lefts, besides sending several to the Kid's jaw.

The fourth round was very hot, Beebe fighting for his opponent's body while Herman again sent several to the jaw. Beebe, however, was always after him, and he evened things up pretty well in the fifth. He drove several swings to Tommy's body and jaw, and the latter was forced to do a little footwork. Beebe kept up his aggressiveness in the last and he was the fresher of the two at the finish. It was Beebe's bout by a shade.

BARBER SUPPLIES.

BARBERS.—Write enclosing card for Free Bottle.

MURINE EYE TONIC.

Please patrons "The Morning After." Makes Weak Eyes Strong. Brings "Tide." Always FREE for Barbers' use. Druggists sell at 50 cents.

MURINE EYE REMEDY CO., CHICAGO.

My intimate acquaintance with the great merit of MURINE EYE REMEDY comes from its cure of a severe case of Sore Eyes in my family, after considerable effort and failure in other directions. Now we are never without MURINE at home.

In my Barber Shop, we have used MURINE for two years as an Eye Tonic, with most pleasing and profitable results, both to ourselves and our customers. It is a valuable accessory to my business. We apply it without charge, yet invariably it brings returns that pay "Tide."

Yours truly, JOHN BERNHARD, Prop.

Jan. 9th, 1906. Sunset Barber Shop, 626 Market St., San Francisco.

"JOC-KO"

FOR THE RAZOR KNIGHT.

The best shell strop made, 2 1/2 x 24 inches. It's right or your money back. Sent on your say so, \$1.00 is the price; 2 1/2 inches wide 75 cents. H. C. HAYNES RAZOR STROP CO., 56 WABASH AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILL.

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Brooks' Appliance is a new scientific discovery with automatic air cushions that draws the broken parts together and binds them as you would a broken limb. It absolutely holds firmly and comfortably and never slips, always light and cool and conforms to every movement of the body without chafing or hurting. I make it to your measure and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded and I have put my price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it. Remember I make it to your order—send it to you you wear it—and if it doesn't satisfy you, you send it back to me and I will refund your money without question. The banks and the postmaster here will tell you that in the way I do business—always absolutely on the square and I am selling thousands of people this way for the past five years. Remember I use no salves, no harness, no lies, no fakes. I just give you a straight business deal at a reasonable price.

C. E. Brooks, 1079 Brooks Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

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Restores gray, streaked or faded hair or mustache, quickly and permanently. Harshness—does not stain, clog or grease, but restores to its original color and beautiful condition. Promotes the growth, removes dandruff and beautifies the hair. Size, by mail, 5 for 50c. THE TRAMONT CO., INC., BOSTON, MASS.

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It will come about as near to putting the coin in your pocket as anything you have ever seen.

WE don't talk much about it because it speaks for itself, but we wish you to give it a trial.

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FACTS of Vital Importance to Every Sufferer From Blood Poison

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FACT FOUR—Many patients that were cured by the Cook Remedy Co. eighteen years ago now have children grown to manhood and womanhood in perfect health and without a blemish.

FACT EIGHT—Good health is the most important thing in the world to any person.

FACT FIVE—The Cook Remedy Co. is the largest and the only successful company in the world that makes the cure of Syphilis a specialty.

FACT SIX—Patients cured by Cook Remedy Co. are constantly passing successfully the very rigid examinations of the most conservative life insurance companies, and are passing the examinations for admission to the army and navy of the United States.

FACT SEVEN—If you take Cook Remedy Co.'s treatment under their guarantee you are absolutely sure of a cure or your money back.

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Syphilis begins usually with a little blister or sore, then swelling in the groins, a red eruption breaks out on the body, sores and ulcers appear in the mouth, the throat becomes ulcerated, the hair, eyebrows and lashes fall out, and as the blood becomes more contaminated,

copper-colored spots and pustular eruptions and sores appear upon different parts of the body, and the poison even destroys the bones.

The Cook Remedy Co. has a specific for this loathsome disease, and cures it even in its worst form. It is a perfect antidote for the powerful virus that pollutes the blood and penetrates to all parts of the system. Unless you get this poison out of your blood it will ruin you and bring disgrace and disease upon your children, for it can be transmitted from parent to child.

Write for the Cook Remedy Co.'s free home treatment book and learn all about Syphilis. If you want medical advice give a history of your case, and their physicians will furnish all the information you wish without any charge whatever.

Your salvation depends on Cook Remedy Co., They will surely cure you. They believe no other method of treatment will cure you.

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A SURE CURE for GONORRHEA
IN BOTTLES OR CAPSULES.
For more than half a century the Favorite Prescription of many physicians.
Bottle, \$1; Capsules, Box Dozen, 50c., Two Dozen, \$1.00.
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This ELEGANT Watch \$3.75

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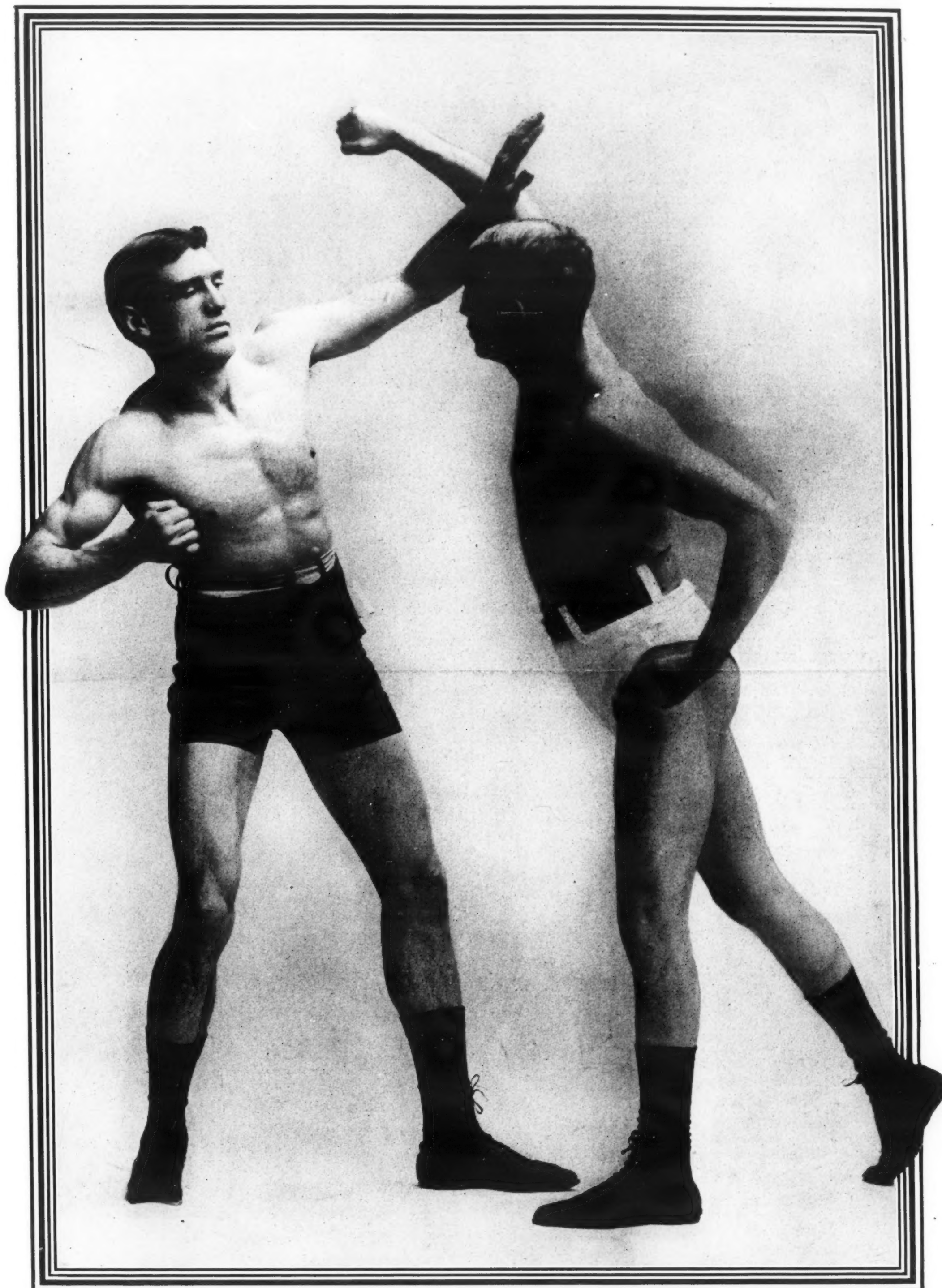


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The Clever Quaker City Boxer, who Beat Bob Fitzsimmons, Shown in Strenuous Action with one of His Sparring Partners.